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# Oh! What A Beautiful Morning



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## Chapter 1 by snowelk

It's a musty smelling, wet and humid morning. September 3rd 2011: A date I shall not forget. It's the day Bernie my husband of forty-five years gasps his last breath. He is in the study right now: sitting silently in his favourite old beech wood smoker's bow chair. A grimace set on his marbled mauve face and his bloodshot blue eyes pointing at the ceiling - As cold as a fish on a slab.

I am Julia, Julia Berger and – for reasons I don't understand – I am singing out loud: Oh! What a beautiful morning. Oh! What a beautiful day I've got a wonderful feeling. Everything's going my way...I'm singing. Singing? I am bloody singing.

I'm singing and sobbing: at the same time I'm grieving, my soul seems to be singing and I don't quite know why. I haven't felt this alive since being a misty eyed, manipulative eighteen year old and meeting the man I spend my best bloody years with...

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